# THREE GRAVES.

ow did he live, this dead man here, it is the temple a ove his grave?

I tred as a great on. From cradle to bles was nursed in luxury. In ned in pride, from the wish was born, it was grathed; thout thanks he took, without beed he gave.

eve, common man was to him a clod own mon he was far as a demigod, duties? To see that his rents were paid, pleasure? To know that the crowd

obeyed.

His pulse, if you felt it, throubed apart,

With a separate stroke from the people's But whom did he love, and whom did he Was the life of him more than a man's or E know not. He died. There was none to

And as few to weep; but these marbles came For the temple that rose to preserve his How did he live, that other dead man, From the graves apart and alone?
As a great one, too? Yes, this was one who lived to labor and study and plan.
The earth's deep thought he loved to rereal; the banded the breast of the land with steel; The thread of his toil he never broke; the filled the cities with wheels and smoke, And workers by day and workers by night, For the day was too shore for his vigor's fight.

fight.

o firm was he to be feeling and giving:

window, for gain, was a l.fe worth living.

worshiped industry, dreamt of her,
sighed for her,
tent he grew by her, famous he died for
her. They say he improved the world in his time, That he mills and mines were a work sub-When he died-the laborers rested and

was it-because he had lived, or died? And how did he live, that dead man there, In the country churchyard laid?

he? He came for the sweet field air;
He was tired of the town, and he took no

pride In its fashion or fame. He returned and died in the place he loved, where a child he played With those who have knelt by his grave and

th those who have knelt by his grave and prayed, or ruled no serfs, and he knew no pride; a was one with the workers side by a de; e hated a mill, and a mine, and a town, ith their fever of misery, struggle, renown; the could never believe but a man was made or a nobler end than the giory of trade, or the youth he mourned with an endiess o were cast like snow on the streets of

the ctv.

He was week, may be; but he lost no friend;
Who loved him once, loved on to the end.
He mourned all selfish and shrewd endeavor;
But he never injured a weak one-nover.
When censure was passed, he was kindly dumb; He was never so wise but a fault would He was never so old that he failed to enjoy The games and the dreams he had love

The games and the dreams he had love when a boy.

He erred and was sorry; but never drew
A trusting heart from the pure and true.

When fr ends look lack from the years to b God grant they may say such things of me.

—John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Transcript.

### MIS' HITT'S HUSBANDS.

They Failed Entirely to Discourage Her.

The young schoolmaster who presided during the spring term over the seventeen bare-footed children of district No. 10, East Centerville, Johnson County, did not find the social element of the neighborhood and social gayeties. The school master had attended a surprise party, a warm-sugar party, and a "sociable" during the first week of his residence in district No. 10; he had been stared at by red-handed, hairoffied, tongue-tied youths; danced several Virginia reels to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel," rendered on a shricking fiddle or shoarse melodeon: been kissed by scores of buxom girls in innumerable osculatory games; and had since refrained from East Centerville festivities with a sternness

Centerville festivities with a sternness which had been looked upon as "stuck-up," and which may indeed have been due in some degree to that complacent self-estimate in which young schoolmasters are not usually deficient.

He was fond of entertainment, however, and being thus thrown back upon himself, its chances seemed small. The comfortable old couple who boarded him wore meek, industrious, deserving and common-place, and he was not hopeful of discovering any thing more exciting in district No. 40. He was roused to a mild interest, therefore, when he found the "sittin-room." one morning, in the possession of therefore, when he found the "sittin'room." one morning in the possession of
an odd and somewhat startling old woman.
She was white washing the ceiling. She
stood on top of a step-ladder and covered
its cracked and yellowish surface with long
strokes of her stubby brush. She wore a
bright, new calleo dress with a short skirt.
which exposed her heavy masculine boots.
Her bair, which was gray and scanty, was
drawn back over frequent patches of baldmess and fastened in a candid knot of the
size of a hickory nut. Her face was brown
and wrinkled, with bright eyes, and she
held a pipe between her lips.
The schoolmaster inquired concerning
her as he sugared his lettuce at the breakfast table; sugar and vinegar were the approved salad dressing at East Centerville.
"That's Mis' Hitt" his hostess rejoined.
"She kind of jobs round—lays carpet and
whitewashes and papers and helps housedeanin' times. She's a master hand, Mis'
Hitt is."
"Miss Hitt—she is unmarried, then," said

'Miss Hitt—she is unmarried, then," said

cleanin' times. She's a master hand, Mis' Hitt is."

"Miss Hitt—she is unmarried, then," said the schoolmaster.

"Law!" the old lady responded, while a faint blush stole into her faded cheek; "she's be'n married four times. Hitt," she added scrupulously, "wa'n't her last husband, but we didn' never git into the way o' callin' her Mis' Doty. It don't make no odds as I know of—Doty, he's dead."

A week later the schoolmaster, who had conceived a liking for the outdoor aspects of district No. 10. wandering in the dusk of the evening through an empty pasture lot which copious spring rains had developed finto a swamp, came suddenly upon a small red wooden building set into a corner of the pasture and backed by a piece of woods. Its enstable appearance, produced by the piles of stones upon which its four corners rested and its several props, made it obvious that it had been moved hither from its native spot, where it might have been a corn or hen house. In a chair in the open doorway, leaning forward on her elbows and smoking, was Mis' Hitt.

The schoolmaster went nearer and raised his hat. The old woman took her pipe from her mouth and eyed him with a fleeting suspicion; then she got up and shoved her chair back hospitably. The schoolmaster stepped inside and sat down on an anonymous object near the door, while his entertainer lighted her lamp. Its light showed a cramped interior of one room. The walls were covered with newspapers, tacked up; an unseasonable stove refuge. There were a few attempts at adornment which the hardened fingers and belated tastes of the inventor had not served to render successful. The schoolmaster's seat proved to be a nail keg, whose hardness was not helped by its frill of hrown cambric. Mis' Hitt, from the one chair of the room, looked at her caller over her pipe with no visible curiosity.

Saw ye t'other day." she observed. Teachin' here, ain't ye!" And, when the schoolmaster wentured, soking out some-

schoolmasterasented, relapsed into silence with a nod.

"You are pleasarily situated," the schoolmaster ventured looking out somewhat doubtfully over the pasture lot.

"I den't know as I be," said Mis' Hitt apothetically. "I git along."

The schoolmaster made a second and a cholder attempt. "I have lately received the news of the death of—of an aunt," he remarked. "It is exceedingly sad to lose one's friends, is it not! But perhaps—very possibly—you have had no experience."

"Well, I doan' know," eaid Mis' Hitt. She crossed her knees and clasped her knotty hands around them. "I didn't have such powerful good luck gittin' hus-

bands."
"Indeed!" said the schoolmaster. "One might judge from a casual view that you had been highly successful."
Mis hitts seriousness did not alter. Apparently a joke was not in the line of her comprehantler.

"Thar wa'n't nome o' my men what ye might call likely " she sald, without disturbance from the recollection of her times of tened troubles. "They was a pretty or nary set, I call 'em."

She puffed away in silent rumination. "Your first husband, for example!" the schoolmaster suggested.

"Wal. he wa'n't much—Ike Heyward wa'n't." the old woman responded. Her eyes were fixed unseeingly on the blank stretch of sodden land; her face was intent with the absorption of reminiscence. "I was nigh onto sixteen when I married Ike, and Ike he was somewhar' round twenty. I hadn't been calculatin' to marry Ike Heyward; wa'n't lookin' to aswesk aforehand. I'd had it fixed up with 'Rastus Carter for a consid'able spell; we'd got the day sat, and 'Rastus, he'd spoke to the preacher. I don't know as I recollect jest what sp'lled it. Pastus, he flared up at somethin' er 'nother: consid'able techy. 'Rastus was—sandy-topped, freckly folks 'most gen'ally be. Wal, I didn't git him," said Mi: Hit, brightening the bowl of her pipe with a puff or two. "And Ike Heyward he stopped in, and we was 'jined.

"Lived with his folks, Ike did; I don't know as I should 'a had no trouble with Ike ef it hadn't been for that. Had the wing, Ike and me, and the rest o' the house was the ole folks's; but ole Mis' Heyward was into that wing enough sight move'n she was to hum, fussia' and pesterin' and nosin' around. She'd come in afore breakfast, and set watchin' me gittin' it, and tellin' as how I cyuldn't cook pork no more'n a cat, and didn't know ac more' bout fryin' pancakes 'n I did 'bout flyin'; and as how I wa'n't sawin', and my washin's looked yeller, and my soft soap wa'n't half biled; and she'd go round cryin' bout Ike gettin' seeh a poor, shift-less plece. She was a pesky ole creetur."

Mis' Hits spoke placidly. Her long-ago grievances had developed with years into impresonal facts.

"And Ike, he was jest as chicken-hearted as ever I see; he wa'n't no more'n count' in a dish-rag. He didn't reely know who to side with; all he figgered on was to

"Cur most poignant sor.ows have their alleviating features," the schoolmaster observed.

Mis' Hitt puffed at her pips. The chirping of frogs filled the pause.

You were induced to repeat the matrimonial experiment," said the schoolmaster. "You married again, I infert!"

"I was a widder fer six six months," Mis' Hitt responded: "but I could ben married afore that of I'd a-min' to. 'Rastus Carter, be come round soon as Ike was put in under. He'd scraped up enough to git a place-pretty forehanded, 'Rastus was—and he was calculatin' to buy 'way up to the Corners, clus to the ole tannery. Why, I told him of he was goin' to live round that ar tannery I wa'n't, and all the powers couldn't make me; the smell was fit to knock ye down, jest about; and as to livin' with it right under my nose—it made me sick as a dog, the idee on't. 'Rastus, he was mad as a hornet; he went off a rampagin', and 'twa'n't a week afore I heerd be'd ben married Pauliny Wiswell. She was setribly glad to git him.

"Wal, I didn't lay out to wait ferever to git another man; but I vow I was clean sot back when Eithu Wilder came aldgin' round. Ole bach'ler, Elihu was; must'a ben nigh onto forty. He'd ben livin' by himself for a long spell, over in the holler; I hadn't never seen him more'n onest or twiest. I declar I didn't know but I was gettin' loony and seein' sperrits when he come nippin' in. Wa'n't much higher'n a yard stick, Elihu was kind o' dried up, thar didn't look to be nothin' to him.

"Wal, of I'd a-knew what 'twas keepin' house for a bach'ler, I wouldn't never

"Wal, of I'd a-knew what 'twas keepin' house for a bach'ler, I wouldn't never undertook it. Fussiest narvousest little creetur I ever come within forty mile of. Elihu Wilderwas. He'd lived thar by himself till he'd got as notional as a witch; he wa'n't no ways used to folks, and come to the pin't, he didn't reely know how to stan' it havin' me thar. I guess he'd a' give considerable to git unhitched agin, and I wouldn't 'a held off, nuther.
"It was a sight to behold that ar house "Wal, of I'd a-knew what 'twas keeping

the pin't, he didn't reely know how to stan' it havin' me thar. I guess he'd a' give considerable to git unhitched agin, and I wouldn't 'a held off, nuther.

"It was a sight to behold, that ar house o' hisn. Thar hadn't been a hammer teched to it sence 'twas put up, and o' all the tarnal old holes. The front steps was all rotted away. There wa'n't a hull winder in the house, and the ruf o' the keepin'-room leaked like a sieve. Elihu he wouldn't hear to fixin' it up—tight as the bark of a tree. Elihu was. With all my naggin', he wouldn't do nothin' but put an old sawhorse by the front door, place o' steps, and board up some o' the winders. Ho'd a ben strong up sooner'n git shingles for that ruf. Usei to sot tubs in thar when it rained and ketch water fer washin'; said 'twas handy. 'Bout as close-fisted as I ever come acrost, Elihu Wilder was. And what with his bein' so notional. I don't know how I stood him as long as I did. He was wuss'n any old woman I ever see. Had the foreroom all crammed full of a sight o' ole truck he'd been scrapiu' up and savin', the goodness knows what fer—dried yerbs and ole tin pans and pieces o' rope and wagon wheels and legs o' bedsteads; and he wouldn't hear to havin' 'em clerred out; wouldn't have 'sm teched. He was sot in his ways as ever a bein' was created—jest. Went to bed at eight o'clock, year in and year out, and got up at four to the tick, and half-past four of a Sunday; and all the saints could't a made a minute's odds. Ef thar was anybody thar when the clock pointed to eight he never made no bones o' startin' 'em fer hum. Ef the heavens had 'a fell 'twouldn't 'a strred him out o' his tracks. Ef I'd 'a knew what 'twas livin' with a bach'ier. I reckon I'd 'a stered clear 'o Elihu Wilder.

"Wal." Mis' Hitt pursued. w/ch a grester tranquility of tone, "he didn't live but three year, Elihu didn't. He was took off with dropsy, fer all, he'd never looked to have a pint 'o blood in him. Wouldn't give up till the last mlnute; then he did give in to lettin' the doctor tap him. Tha

schoolmaster.

"Rastus Carter, he'd went west a spell back. Pauliny Wiswell, she'd died o' the fever—'twa'n't no wonder nuther, livin' so clus up to that ar tannery—and 'Rastus he'd picked up and went off to Injiany. It come back that he's got married agin out thar."

"And you followed his example?" said
the schoolmaster.

"Yes: I took up with Hitt for the next
one. Hitt, he hadn't been livin' round
here a gret while: but I declar I might 'a
knew what he was by his courtin'; he was
hangin' round sich an everlastin' time
afors he come to the pint. I reckoned I
shouldn't neyer get shet on bim.

"Wal," said Alie' Hits, musingly, "thar
wa'n't much to Hitt, one way or nother.
He was as lasy as all git out; used to set
out whar 'twas sunny, sort o' dosic' off fer
a hall day to a time, and thest was pretty
much all he did do."

She smoked stiently for a moment. The lapse of time and the feebleness of Hitt's characteristics seemed to have well-nigh effaced him from her memory.

"Hitt," she added, without emotion—"Hitt was run over on the railroad; struck by the injine and histed forty foot in the air; wa'n't a hull bone left in his body. Folks did say he was too pison lazy to git out the way when he saw the injine comin."

Folks did say he was too pison lazy to git out the way when he naw the injine comin."

Mis' Hitt's pipe was reinstated. The hooting of an owi in the near wood sounded at slow intervals amid the drowsy clamor of the frogs. The schoolimaster watched the oddly angular figure, whose masculine effect was not much detracted from by the vivid calico dress. Mis' Hits's bright eyes roved in his direction.

"Rastus Carter'd got back from Injiany." she said. "He'd buried his last wife out thar and he was lookin' round for another, and when Hitt was took off he come spearin' round. Abram Doty, he was steerin' my way, and 'Rastus he flared up; jest as high-tempered as ever, 'Rastus was. He pinted out West agin, and I hain's never heered no more on him.

"Wall, I'd lived with a cur'us set o' men enough, but Abram Doty was jest about the cursu'est. He was gittin' long towards seventy when I took him, and he was broke down consid'able. I don' know as he was jest right in his mind. He was so terrible pious thar wa'n't no livin' with him."

Mis' Hitt's tone had no trace of applogy. Piety, seemingly, had lain without the bounds of her experience, and therefore of her understanding.

"It 'peared to 'a struck in; he was clean possessed. Used to set round the house a readin' in the Bible and meditatin' on his sins—that ar's what he give out to be doin'—most the hull time."

"Wuss'n ever after that Doty was. He couldn't bear to see me lookin' no ways decent; he laid down that ribands and

"Wuse'n ever after that. Doty was. He couldn't bear to see me lookin' no ways decent; he laid down that ribands and fixin's was insterments o' the devil; be chucked two o' my bunnets into the stove and tore up an alpacy gownd. He'd go without tastin' a mouthful fer a day to a time—fastin', he give out he was—dear knows what fer; he was skinny as a rail to begin with. He got so worked up 'cause I stirred up a mess o' fried cakes of a Sunday once that he went off to the woods and stayed thar for a consid'able spell. Ketched his death thar, too; he come back clean sick. Neuralgy 'twas to the fust," said Mis' Hitt, with an increase of interest in her tone; "but a drettul iot o' things sot in—pneumony and the janders and bloodpisonin' and the swellin' o' the jints; the doctor give in 'twas the wust case he'd evor come nigh. Laid thar fer six weeks, Doty did: out of his head the hull time, and undergoin' such sufferin's as I never hurd the like of; ye could hear him hollerin' and groanin' clear out to the street. Made consid'able of a stir, being sech a terrible bad case: had as big a funeral as I ever was to, Doty did."

Mis' Hitt's pipe was out; the pasture had grown quite dark, and the noise of the frogs was lessening. She got up and put her chair against the wall and closed the one small window near the ceiling by means of a broomstick. The school-master, conscious that an ignoring of these signs would not avail him, arose from his nail keg.

"I suppose you do not consider it prob-

would not avail him, arose from his nail keg.
"I suppose you do not consider it probable that you will marry again!" he lingered to remark.

Mis' Hitt put up a bony hand to remove the one hairpin from her diminutive knot, which was apparently to be reconstructed for the night.

"I don't know but what I've had bout enough o' gittin' married." she responded

enough o' gittin' married," she responded with undiminished gravity. She waited, unimoressed, while her visitor bowed, to shut the door behind

She waited, unimpressed, while her visitor bowed, to shut the door behind him.

The schoolmaster paid another visit to the isolated little domicile toward the clove of his sojourn in district No. 10, in consequence of a rumor which had come to his ears. It was to the effect that Rastus Carter had come back, and that he and Mis' Hitt had gone promptly to the justice and been made man and wife.

The rumor appeared to have a substantial foundation. There were two figures in the doorway—Mis' Hitt's stock of chairs having been added to by one. The old woman sat quietly smoking, her arms folded on her kness and her eyes resting vaguely on the near field; the change in her condition, possibly owing to its lack of noveity did not appear to have affected her. The little old man at her side, pale in comparison with her withered darkness, struck the schoolmaster with his resemblance to a mushroom beside a blacknesd toadstool; he had a round, shining crown, with a fringe of white hair surmounting a faded pluk face. Its placid meekness might have led one to believe that his "techniness" and high temper were things of the past. The schoolmaster, with a haunting certainty of being relegated to the nall keg if he went in, contented himself with a bright impression of the small red house with the woods for a background, and the swampy pasture for an unlimited front yard, and with Mis' Hitt and her last husband sitting in tranquil silence in the doorway.—Detroit Tribune.

THE SILENT STEED. Rapid Growth in the Popularity of Bley-cles and Tricyles. It is interesting to note what strides

since its first introduction to the public. There are many who will remember what an ungainly thing it was about fifteen years ago, with both wheels of the same diameter and without the rubber tire which has done so much to make it easy riding and noiseless. The bicycle met with little favor at first, being likened to a boy's hobby-horse. and it was generally believed that its use would be confined to boys. The rapid improvements made on the mahine, which include the addition of the rubber tire, the ball and socket treadle, the small guide wheel and the many contrivances to beautify it, have made it so popular that it is now in use tor business or pleasure all over the civilized world.

In this country the bicycle is not a money making machine, but in England and France the governments have made considerable use of it in the postoffice departments and in Germany the bicy-cle has been introduced in army evolu-

tions. Our Government has not, as yet, recognized the bicycle officially, although the city of Washington possesses more bicycles than any other city in the Union. This is due not only to the large number of young clerks. but mainly to the fact that the asphalt pavements of Washington offer the finest bicycle roads in the world.

It is a pity that the wheel is not in more general use. At present it is almost wholly contined to young men, with a small sprinkling of the middle-agod. Ladies and children should use the wheel, which they can do with per-fect safety and propriety in its modified form. It is not only healthful, but the casiest system of locomotion known.
Unlike a horse, there is no expense
after the first cost, and as an exercise
it is much superior. It is recommended
by physicians as the best tranquilizer
for over-strung nerves or brain worry, and every year it is growing more favor among business men. W Americans are a time-saving people and the time is not far distant when the bleyele riders will equal the pedes-trians. It needs only smooth roads to hasten the day.—Philadelphia Call.

-Excellent Gravy: The Catere gives this excellent recipe for gravy a la minute with beef extract: Cut up an he'd picked up and went off to Injiany. It come back that he's got married agin out than."

"And you followed his example?" said the schoolmaster.

"Yes: I took up with Hitt for the next of here a gret while; but I declar I might 'a knew what he was by his courtin'; he was knew what he was by his courtin'; he was hearin' round sich an everlastin' time. room or wainut catsup, and when skimmed and drained the gravy is ready for serving.

-Coccanut culture along the lower coasts of Florida is growing rapidly in volume and importance.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ABOUT BOYS. A Recitation "A boy in the house is a nuisance,"
One often hears people say:
But I want you to know,
That it's not qute so,
So I speak to you to-day.
That boy's have faults, I own is very true,
But not any more than girls, I think,
And, really now, do you?

Now, if any one has an easy time,
In this world of push and pusi,
It is not the boy of the fam ly,
For his bands are always full.
I'd like to ask, who hills the stoves?
Where is the girl that could?
Who be may is water, lights the fires,
And splits the kinding wood?

And who is it that cleans the walks,
After hours of anowing?
In summer, who keeps down the weeds
By disgently hoeing,
And who must harness the faithful horse,
When the girls would ride about?
And who must clean the carriage off?
The boy, you'll own, no doubt.

And who does the many other things,
Too numerous to mention?
The boy is the "goneral utility man,"
And really deserves a pension!
Friends! just praise the ooy sometimes,
When he does his very best;
And don't citcup want the easy chair
, when he is taking a little rest.

Don't let him always be the last.
To see the new magazine;
And sometimes let the boy be heard,
As well as to be seen.
That boys are far from perfect
Is understood by all;
But they have hearts, remember,
For "men are boys grown tail."

And when a boy has been working
His level best for days.
It does him good, I tell you,
To have some hearty praise!
He is not merely a combination
Of muddy boots and no se,
And he likes to be looked upon
As one of the family joys. And I think, if it were known
That by a certain hour to-day
Every bor on this great globe
Would be spirited away.
There would not be a single one
Of those whom I'm addressing.
But now would say, very heartily,
A boy in the house is a blessing!
—E. L. Brown, in Goldo

FERRETS AS PETS.

"Do to Them as You Would Be Done by

One of the oldest Dutch engravings, copies of which are highly prized by collectors, is "The Rat-catcher." represents an old man walking through quaint Flemish street carrying a cage of ferrets. Though ferrets have been known in Europe for hundreds of years as expert rat-catchers, and are also used in rabbit-hunting, it is only within the past few years that they have been introduced into this country, and their first cousins, the weasels, the martens, and the skunks, have all been looked upon with disfavor by farmers, and active efforts are made for their extermination. Lately, however, con-siderable interest has been aroused in the keeping and breeding of these graceful little animals, and it may safely be said that American boys have found a new pet-a pet which gives but little trouble, and will more than pay for itself by its services in ridding the house and barns from rats.

It is true that the ferret is not an affectionate animal and will never dis-play the intelligence and faithfulness play the intelligence and faithfulness of a dog; but it is a pretty little creature, graceful in every motion and playful after its own peculiar fashion. To see a family of them tumbling over each other in their fun, twining their long slender bodies in and out. one would almost take them for furred snakes, and indeed it is this snake-like shape and flexibility which makes them valuable as rat-catchers. They can go anywhere it is possible for a rat to go and will follow their game up and down, between the walls and under the floors, with the pertinacity of a blood-hound.

The ferret proper, or Mustela furo, as the naturalists call it, is a pretty white creature with shining pink eyes. It is very delicate, being extremely sensitive to cold and subject to various diseases. It is largely used in England, but in America the green breads these but in America the cross-breeds—those related to the mink, marten or polecat—are preferred as being more hardy and better hunters. The color of ellow to brown, as the lerret, mink, or marten blood predominates. It is a very neat little animal and absolute leanliness in its pen is necessary for tis health. A dry goods box about three feet square and three feet high, the bottom lilled with dry sand or saw-dust, which must be changed once a lay, is a good pen for a pair of ferrets if you are going to keep them in-doors.

For an out-door pen a compact, solidly-built box, with a slanting roof, about six feet long, four feet wide and four feet high, is recommended by the most successful breeder of ferrets in this country. It has a wire front, and two divisions, with a sliding door be-tween. The smaller division is two, the larger four feet long. The smaller part is kept full of hay in winter, in part is kept full of hay in winter, in summer half full, and has a door over the wire front. This is the ferrets' sleeping apartment, in which they can keep warm in the coldest weather. In the larger part, which serves for a yard, the ferrets can come out and take their exercise and feed. At the back of the pen are two large doors, so that you can get at the ferrels at any time. The hay should be changed

any time. The hay should be changed every month or two, except during the breeding season, when the ferrets should be left alone. Any attempt to handle the little ones, or even watch them, should be avoided, as it is had for both the young and the mother.

Like every animal, ferrets require patience, kindness and good judgment in their treatment. They are not long-suffering like dogs or cats, and the young owner of ferrets who attempts to lug his nets around by one naw and young owner of ferrets who attempts to lug his pets around by one paw, and maul them about as the average youngster mauls the animals intrusted to his tender mercies, will find to his cost that the slender little rat-hunters are capable of taking very excellent care of themselves. They should be lifted by the tail, and handled by the back of the neck; though after they have become accustomed to their owner they will permit themselves to be handled to any reasonable extent, and often grow quite affectionate in their way, though it is never advisable to trust them too entirely, as they to trust them too entirely, as they sometimes take offense on apparently small provocation. After their meals they are apt to be in better humor, and will submit to more handling than when hungers.

will submit to more handling than when hungry.

Great care should be taken not to overfeed ferrets. Two meals a day—one in the morning and one in the evening—are sufficient under ordinary circumstances; and when hunting, one light meal in the morning is all that should be given. Bats, mice, rabbits heads, chlokens heads, and small birds are the favorite food; raw meat—except liver—and bread and milk can be added to the bill of fare. After eating they go to sleep for an hour or two, and will be somewhat law until near the next feeding-time.

When hunting with ferrets they

should always be started in the rathole on the top floor of a building, as they hunt down. If a building is infested with rate, it is well to have the entrances to the holes in the cellar guarded, as rats are afraid of forrets, and will run and make their escape before the ferrets have an opportunity to kill them. Their flexible bodies and small hoads enables them to go anywhere that a rat can go, and when they tackle a rodent they kill and eat it without delay. In hunting rabbits, they drive them out of their holes, and feel abundantly satisfied if they are given the rabbit's head as a reward for their work. For exterminating woodchucks, prairie-dogs, ground-squirrels, and gophers they have no equal.

qual.
The little ferret will march boldly down into a woodchuck's burrow and drive out the clumsy inmate without drive out the clumsy inmate without the slightest hesitation. In hunting rabbits and out-door game it has been the custom to muzzle the ferrets, but this is a cruel and unnecessary practice. It is not fair to the ferret, for if he is attacked he has no means of defending himself, and he will rarely kill his game in the burrow. The ferret is a natural-born hunter, and soon learns that heing taken out of his pen learns that being taken out of his pen and carried off in a basket means a hunting trip, and the little creature looks forward to it with keen enthusi-

Some owners just tuck the ferrets into a coat pocket when starting on the hunt, but a small basket is just as convenient, and a safer way of carryconvenient, and a safer way of carrying them. They can readily be taught to come in answer to a whistle, like a dog, and in a building they generally return to the pen of their own accord.

The golden rule should be applied to the treatment of all pets, and with ferrets this considerate firmness is imperative. "Do as you would be done by; remember the natural disposition of the animals, and then try to put yourself in their place, and think if you would like to be teased as you tease them. Humor their natural inclinations as far as you can, but make them tions as far as you can, but make them obey under all circumstances. Keep them clean, and feed them judiciously, and you will find that the graceful lit-tle ferret is a most entertaining addition to the list of pets.—Allan For in Harper's Young People.

## GIRLISH DELUSIONS.

nd Hopes Which Are Destined to Be Most Rudely Dispetled. There is something very pitiful in the way clever American girls of limited means persist in a belief that they can do something or other to earn a living abroad, and to have a chance at foreign study in music or art or language. Every now and then we hear of some young woman, more ambitious than prudent, going to Germany or France with very little money, but with a sub-lime confidence that she can at least teach English if all else fails. Now the simple truth is that it is next to impossisimple truth is that it is next to impossi-ble for an American teacher to get pu-pils on the continent. No matter how correctly you speak your language it is not English in the opinion of the parnot English in the opinion of the parents who want governesses for their girls, and though you may be decidedly superior in cultivation and courtesy, tact and knowledge, to an English governess competing for a place, the English girl will get it because she never heard of your Americanisms and says "jug" instead of "pitcher," "I fancy" instead of "I guess," and she "enjoys herself" instead of "having a good time."

Another fond delusion of many ambitious young women without any jour-

Another fond delusion of many ambitious young women without any journalistic training is a belief that they can write foreign letters for the American papers, and so earn fame and a living at the same time. It is hard to convince them that such a plan is almost wholly impracticable. They will quote Kate Field and Helen Hunt, and ask if they was not successful quite forget. they were not successful, quite forget-ting that these women wrote before the heart in this country, as recent facili-ties of intercommunication have made them known, before it became customary to cable over the new

Paris and the chit-chat of London drawing-rooms. A young high-school teacher from a village near Boston went not long ago to Paris with every chance in her favor for succeeding, so far as there is ever a chance for an amateur's success, in foreign correspondence. Her mother was Parisian born, and the daughter spoke French quite as well as English, per-haps with more strict correctness. She went with several good introductions, and boarded in the family of an aunt in Paris. And she tried with might and main to get into foreign correspondence, only to have her year's work fail completely. She sent at least fifty manuscripts home across the water, and she had only seven out of water, and she had only seven out of all that number accepted by American journals. Of these, only four were paid for, and those all counted brought her about thirty dollars. She worked hard and she was plucky, and she wrote rather good little things, but she failed as ninety-nine in a hundred would fail if they should try to accomplish that which is practically an impossibility.—Boston Record.

HE DIDN'T JUMP. How a Smart Detroit Business Man 4d-

Sunday afternoon a man suddenly appeared at a third-story window in an unfinished building on Grand River street and seemed to begin preparations to commit suicide by leaping to the pavonent. A crowd of forty entire the pavonent is a conditional to commit suicide by leaping to the pavonent. A crowd of forty entire the pavonent is a crowd of forty entire the pavonent. A crowd of forty entire the pavonent is a crowd of forty entire the pavonent. A crowd of forty entire the pavonent is a crowd of forty entire the pavonent. A crowd of forty entire the pavonent is a constant to be aware of what was going on not a voice was raised to prevent the stranger carrying out his designs. He removed his vest and looked down as if estimating the distance. Then he removed his vest and looked down as in low tones if his intention was to hamp, and were answered that there was no doubt of it. The man removed his coilar and the after his vest, and the coilar an Sunday afternoon a man suddenly

TEMPERANCE

AN UNWELCOME VISION.

There's a vision moves befor: me, Which I fain would see no more, For I view such hargard faces— Fraces that I've seen before. And the looks they onst upon me, As they pass with posoclets tread, Jill my mind with fearful bod ng-Fill my heart with nameless dread.

of good homes in all our cities. Fathers, brothers, sons on the funeral pyre of strong drink! Fasten tighter the victims! Stir up the flames! Pile on the corpses! More men, women and children for the sacrifice! Let us have whole generations on fire of evil habit; and at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer let all the people fall down and wor-ship King Alcohol, or you shall be east into the fiery furnace under some political platform.

I indict this evil as the fratricide, the

patricide, the matricide, the uxoricide the regicide of the century. Yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthwhat innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcoholism deceives the people! It is a "cordial." It is "bitters." It is an "eye-opener." It is an "appetizer." It is a "digester." It is an "invigorator." It is a "settler." It is a "night-cap." Why don't they put on the right labels: "Essence of perdition;" "Conscience stupefier:" "Five drachms of heart-ache;" "Tears of orphanage;" "Blood of souls;" "Scabs of an eternal leprosy:" "Venom of the worm that never dies?" Only once in a while is there any thing in the title of a while is there any thing in the title of liquors to even hint their atrocity, as in the case of sour mash. That I see advertised all over. It is an honest name, and any one can understand it. Sour mash! That is, it makes a man's disposition sour, and his associations sour, and his prospects sour; and then it is good to mash his body, and mash his soul, and mash his business, and mash is family. Sour mash! One honest name at least for an intoxicant! But through lying labels of many of the apothecaries' shops good people who are only little undertone in health, and wanting of some invigoration, have unwittingly got on their tongue the fangs of this cobra that stings to death so large a ratio of the human

their troubles submerge themselves with this worse trouble. Oh, the world is Battered and bruised and blasted and more entranced and fortified They have millions of dollars sub d to marshal and advance the alcoholic forces. They nominate and elect and govern the vast majority of the office-holders of this country. On their side they have enlisted the mightiest political power of the centuries. And behind them stand all the myrmi dons of the nether world—Satanic, and Apollyonic and diabolic. It is beyond all human effort to throw this bastile of decanters or capture this Gibraltar of rum jugs. And while I approve of all human agencies of reform, I would utterly despair if we had nothing else. But what cheers me is that our best troops are yet to come. Our chief artillery is in reserve. Our greatest commander has not yet fully taken the field. If all hell is on their side, all Heaven is on our side. Now "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scat-tered."—Rev. T. De Will Talmage.

## Increasing the Demand.

There is money in the rum traffic hence its manufacture extended itself until there were too many distilleries too many breweries, to supply the de-mand. The next thing was to increase that demand by breeding in a greater number of men that infernal thirst, the result of a burned-out stomach, an alcoholized brain and a system loaded

ASSISTED NO RUIN.

The Ways in Which the Salcon-Koops and Ensuranteerer Pastod the Deint Mabit Upon Their Victims.

The effect of the alcohol poison is not well enough understood. No man can touch it without fastening upon him-self a craving for more. This is a physiological law which is fixed and

And the locks they east upon me, As they pass with selected treed. Fill my sear with senseless tread, Jill my sear with senseless tread. Rots about nait into concourse But doth curse me for its lot: Years ago with hopes before use, On a life I cast a boil. It was who first entitled the sease! Cold they were the sease of the content of the sease of the content of the sease of the cause! Cold this youth, when rum had created him, and the first-bood of a sister from the apping wound did weep. He was proud the turrent vail. And the life-bood of a sister from the apping wound did weep. He was priced as the treatest. The seased beyond the unrent vail. He seased beyond the unrent vail to an appetite more destructive than opium. He uses every artifice that his ingenuity can devise to fix the alcohol habit upon them to their destruction and his profit.—Mr. Locke (Nasby), in N. A. Review.

### HOT INDIGNATION.

What Is Needed Now to Hurl at Whisky Makers and Whisky Sellers, There is a great deal just now to

make good people angry. See how audacious the whisky makers and whisky sellers are! Hear them talk about freedom -- freedom to fill our gut-It is ters with drunkards, our poor-houses with paupers, our jails with criminals

freedom to brutalize our sons, to desolate our homes, to break the hearts of wives, to beggar children, and cloud their lives with memories of cruelty and shame—freedom to quadruple our taxes and be accessory to three-quarters of the crime that loads the calenters of the crime that loads the calendars of our courts! And they tell us that if we dare to abridge their freedom to prosecute the work of devils they will take whisky into politics, they will set up a caucus in every saloon, they will rally all the bad elements in the land, they will organize, concentrate their power, expend their money to control elections, and thus rule or ruin; nay, rule and ruin, for a whisky government would make a nawhisky government would make a na-tion of drunkards, and such a nation would soon reel and stagger into a dis-

who are only little undertone in health, and wanting of some invigoration, have unwittingly got on their tongue the fangs of this cobra that stings to death so large a ratio of the human race.

Some are ruined by the common and all-destructive habit of treating customers. And it is a treat on their coming to town, and a treat while the bargaining progresses, and a treat when the purchase is made, and a treat when the purchase is made, and a treat as he leaves town. Others to drown their troubles submerge themselves with this worse trouble. Oh, the world under them, see that we are angry, that we will not endure any such nonble and turn pale. Guilt is cowardly It presumes upon the patience and charity of good people. It thinks that they will not fight. It is time to undeceive these people. We must do so for their own good, because we love them, and would save them from the consequences of their folly. The manifest duty of the hour for every man who loves God and his native land, is to get angry. - Interior.

A Physician's Testimony.

In the "good time coming," when the community shall be fully enlightened in reference to the real character of alcohol, that it contains no element which can afford any real strength, or when it is known that all stimulation must result in a diminished power and strength of endurance, it is probable that the use of intoxicants as medicine will be very much modified, if not wholly abandoned. When it is known to all, as it now is to some, that alcohol always and everywhere retards and weakens digestion, it will not be ordered by intelligent physicians for dyspepsis or indigestion. If true, as two hundred physicians of New York and Brooklyn say, that "the use of alcoholic liquor as a beverage is productive of a large amount of physical disease; that it entails diseased appetites on offspring," is it not a little remarkable that the use of the same—in the one case called ment which can afford any real